

ShredZone

ISSUE 6.3

## **Hey all you phreaky-style kids**

here ya go, the final *in your face* issue of phreakzine. This issue is called the PHAT issue cuz there is mad amounts of info inside provided by oodles of peeps. This is also my last issue because I am sick of doing little zines that no one really cares about anyway. It's kinda disheartening when you put tons of effort into one only to see it on the floor at a party where it was used as a bindle for someones drugs. I think that's pretty wack. That and parties are getting too expensive for me to go to. I think I have paid my dues and supported a scene that I cared about. Anyway, I want to give shoutouts out and props to the following:

**Zuzu**- my phreakzine partner in crime from the start

**Pixi**- the most beautiful phreak in the rave scene

**Elaine**- the voice or reason and insanity phreak

**Adam**-random skater phreak

**Lewis**- poetic phreak

**Markus**-I want my byline phreak

**Haven**-artistic phreak

**Future Harmonix**-funphreaks

**Soap**-you are a queen phreak

**Ministry of Love**- positive phreaks

**Brock**-the cutest boy in the world

general thanks to drop bass, net 10, PM, Mike Paul, matisse kids, elemental, lydia, rick b, ray, aaron, charlie, and krissy for your support big up sista dj's!!!

p.s. i got the christmas tree!! Ohh la la s s boys!!! 6 issue 3rd brew city style

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## RECLAIM YOUR HOUSE NATION

Recently, our house movement has been under attack from all sides. The once loving family of united party people have apparently begun to faction off into many small groups of promoters/ dj's and social scenes. We can't have this! The never ending search for money, success, and prestige can drive nearly anyone down to an all time low. Promoters skip town without paying for services rendered. Cliquish groups of people snub those around them. Innocent party people drive long distances and pay large amounts of money only to find an empty warehouse, or dj's that weren't that were never on the flyer to begin with. Promoters give interviews to the press about our scene in order to turn a higher profit. of these things and more are going on around us all the time. Obviously this kind of information is a sure fire bummer, but it's these kinds of problems that will eventually destroy our house nation forever!

Many of us believe that this movement is a meaningful, full of love and good people, NOT a money-making business venture. We have the potential to come together from all walks of life (regardless of race, creed, religion, or sexuality) and unite in mind, trust, and support, we are nothing. We realize that these suggestions may not apply to all situations, however, it is our belief that information can only make us stronger body, and spirit. It's up to us to make this happen; without our participation, love, and is yours to take or leave as you like. please feel free to photocopy and distribute this flyer Ministry of Love (san francisco)

TOKEN BLANK SPACE. PUT WHATEVER THE ~~HELL~~ YOU WANT  
Hope!!!

Twisted words excuse

Coffee in a small shoppe  
gives yourummy  
that warm inside, but not so cold outside,

I need a cigarette, and then,  
everything would be perfect feeling.  
And talking to the older gentleman  
sitting across the table, just met him today.  
And the coziness of everything,  
but still the sinking feeling in the  
pit of your stomach knowing that  
all too soon there's going to be  
nothing left to do and you'll  
be either stressed or bored.  
and that going home isn't  
a welcome feeling at all.



- Do question the cover charge you pay and where that money goes  
Do question your support of negative people, dj's, and promoters  
Do question your association with people who only seem to talk about  
money and/or drugs
- Do support a variety of dj's and parties  
Do know your promoters and who they are involved with  
Do know if your promoter pays their dj's and staff  
Educate yourself and your friends about the drugs you take and all the  
precautions necessary to protect yourself from harm know your sources well
- Do remember to eat, sleep, and drink a lot of water  
Do take good care of yourself and your loved ones  
Do make at least one new friend every party you go to  
Do love and remember  
Do forgive and forget
- Do remember that if someone tells you something about someone else that isn't  
very nice, that same person is probably saying something that isn't very  
nice about you when you're not around
- Do question people who take sides and gossip  
Do smile often and go out of your way to accept everyone around you  
Do share (your love, your thoughts, and your drugs)  
Do remember that you are the power of example to everyone around you

**Well, I have been raving for quite awhile now, and here are  
some crazy things I have noticed and wondered about over  
the years- /no/miri**

- \* black boogers in the morning. YUMMY!!!
- \* that weird rave funk ring around the bottom of my phat pants in the morning. just what is it?!
- \* *no toilet paper in the bathroom...what am I supposed to wipe myself with...fingers? hmmm...*
- \* seeing the letter E enlarged on flyers.. for example- "come to the part-E!!!"
- \* not being allowed to bring water in- and then having to shell out 2 buckaroos for some tiny-ass bottle. worse is when they run out at 2 in. the morning when everyone needs it most.
- \* getting asked for any random letter in the alphabet. last party i was at some kid asked me for some "O." what the hell is O?
- \* **when i'm dancing, sucha guys trying to dance all sexy with me. GUYS- if you want to practically hump our legs when we're dancing, go to a frat party or bar instead.**
- \* **Also- guys who try to pick up girls in the bathroom. I'm**

just trying to do my business, not hear lousy pick up  
lines. like i said, go to a frat party or bar.

\* seeing kids who haven't even gotten public hair yet on  
urines. YIKES!!!

the dj is so drunk he/she keeps trainwreckin' the mix. phantom 45  
is guilty of this. he's a tight dj- just not when he's drunk. i wish  
he would save the beer for AFTER his set.

\* i judge me who just doesn't know who to shoot.

\* when you're havin' it in the ghetto hub it gets just down. it's  
scary and it's not sarc. seeing hundreds of fucked up raver kids  
wandering around afterwards... wondering "now what are we  
gonna do?" uh oh...



i love beer and hot dogs





OK so this issues top 10 consists of the 5 best things about Milwaukee and the 5 worst. This is one of those things that you look at other cities and think, "WOW. That city is THE BOMB" but when you leave your own its the little things you miss..

1. BRADFORD BEACH- lovely place if your tripping, but more hypodermic needles than fish plus in the spring and summer it redefines funk.

2. BREW SMELL- seems like you can never escape that yeast/baby barf/apple sour smell. Even in the winter I swear the stench crystalizes and then thaws \*out in your nose.

3. ANTI-DANCE- represented both in the lameness of local clubs (although it IS getting better), the laws, and the lack of spaces.

4. SEGREGATION- brew city is completely segregated, both racially, economically, hell even in the "raves scene" we segregate, judge, act cliquish and close ourselves off to each other

5. "MILWAUKEE AREA"- I HATE when flyers say this because you never know if it will be 15 mn or a 15 hour drive it seems.

MASS TRANSIT- ok the light rail may not be happening, but we do have a decent bus system. If anything it is highly entertaining and you can pretty much get anywhere.

6. DIVERSE SCENE- The Milwaukee rave scene seems to have pretty strong roots, we just need to stay true to them and keep pushin on. We have some rad zines from Massive down to the lil kinkos ones, Sooper rad dj's and musicians producing stuff, numerous record labels, and some pretty decent promoters throwing continuous events.

7. WMSE- late night beat generation on 91.7 with steven kaye. Each week a different style represented from hip hop to jungle to hard beats to those groovy ones. That and the various other punk/swing shows throughout the week. Personal favs are the Hip Hop show on Monday nights and the Reggae dancehall show on Tuesday nights. All between 9-12.

8. YOUR MOTHER HOUSE- woo hoo. Big ups to the coffee/record/clothing/hiphop rave o matic shop on the east side. This kids have got it going on. I mean where else can you chill, play nintendo, ghetto style pool AND study all at the same time?? Plus they have live d's there everynight and in the afternoons!!!

9. SINAL SAMARITAN- the side of this building if you drive down 43 heading south is sooper trippy. They always have a difference fight show going on the side of the building everynight.

To some who stay real, parties still are about peace, love, unity, and respect. The wall of sound is where we gather to worship the almighty Bass. Here, we convert low frequency sonic energy into high frequency

p o s i t i v e a c t i o n .

I hug the speakers and all of the tension vibrates out of my body. A warm glow rises to replace the knots in my stomach from another cold day. My entire body starts to tingle, and the glowing spreads until my eyes light up.

I produce a bag of individually wrapped Twizzlers and begin to pass them out (reminding everyone to throw away the wrapper). However, the candy itself is more or less a pretext. My real mission is to exchange a smile for a

s m i l e .

Don't tell anyone I said this, but inside every bummed-out, over-hyped, mass-produced, commercialized, under-prepared, half-baked piece of crap party I have ever been to an underground party was going on inside, right out in the middle of the dance floor. You can't keep the sound underground, but you can keep the underground sound.

- E d C e t e r a



A present from  
Future harmonix

## WARNING

IF YOU

WEAR

PHAT PANTS

BE

CAREFUL

when Riding

ESCALATORS

# The College Work Id of MARKUS

I quote: I am an invisible man (the usual dot dot dot) I am a man of substance, of flesh and bone, fiber and liquids I might even be said to possess a mind. I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me. Right on, Mr. Ellison.

When I first read the opening paragraph of Invisible Man, I was literally awestruck. NO piece of literature had ever struck me so powerfully in such a short period of time. I read 11 lines of text and had to stop to think about what I had just read. Thus, I knew I was holding a great novel in my hands. The reason, though, that this affected me to such an extent is that I agree with him. I, too, have felt invisible. I had never really thought of it using that terminology before, although now it makes sense. That is why I stopped for a few minutes while reading. I felt I had a bit in common with this author. However, the context within which he feels invisible is different. He feels invisible because of the color of his skin. I, on the other hand, sometimes feel invisible because of the way I dress and the way I look. First, let's take a look at where I go to school. Marquette University, as I have noted in my three-plus years in attendance here, is not known for diversity among its students. On any given day, look around your classroom. It would take you three hands to count how many students are wearing khaki pants, some form of a baseball cap, or, now that fall has hit, this sort of pull-over brightly-colored Patagonia sweatshirt thing. Thus, for a boy who sometimes wears phat pants and a skater t-shirt one day, and perhaps dark gray old-man stretch denim pants from Target (thats Tar-zhay) and a camouflage t-shirt the next, it is not easy to blend in. Also, having orange hair one week, black hair the next and a septum ring do not aid him. OK, you say, that is Marquette. What about the rest of the city? The same

stuff happens. The bus is the worst, actually. People actually stare. Sometimes, if I am in a less than enough mood, I will stare back. To be brief, regular city folk are not much better than Jane and Joe Marquette. Now, up until a recent thought process, I used to think that these people stared at me because I stood out. After reading Ellison, though, I agree that although they are seeing me, they are just seeing my outside. While they are staring, some of them are making little snap judgments. Oh, he does drugs. Nope. Not any more. Oh, he doesn't have enough money to shop at the Gap. Sorry, babe, some of my shit costs more than your J Crew sweater vest. Oh, he must have an agenda to spread with that nose ring. Ummm... no. I like how it looks. This, to me, is the same type of stuff that Ellison hinted at. People see him, and make snap judgments about him as an African-American. They do the same to me as well. I don't know, a whatever-I-am-to-them. However, little do they realize, their seeing-but-not-seeing has affected me. Take today, for instance. Sometimes I do dress preppy. I wore a sweater vest today with a white collared shirt. I also have my hair a normal color, and I am sans septum ring. You know what? I could have used those three hands today to count how many people said I looked nice. I do appreciate the compliments. Trust me, I do. But didn't I look good the other days? This has also affected me on a broader scale. Recently, I have felt the need to start toning down how I dress as the end of my college career approaches. If I am to start a life as a professional journalist/designer/publisher (haven't decided which yet), then I had better start making myself visible. It scares me. Is it possible that five years from I will become what I had once despised? That I will look like Joe Marquette, 2002? Perhaps, though, this is just me growing up. Senior year is a transitional year, anyway. Maybe I am just feeling my presence beginning to materialize on the real world scene, leaving my college life behind. If that is the answer, then this is all moot.



Why is there such a lack of female involvement in the rave scene?

Perhaps it's because there is such terrible misjudging in the rave scene. Look at Massive. Look at the exploitation of women's bodies on flyers. Look at the scantily clad girl dancers at certain events in northern Wisconsin.

Perhaps it is because we're afraid. Because we're just "girls."

My roommate, who is a female dj, has told me of experiences where she has been spinning and was verbally harassed and told to get off the tables to let the males spin. What is that BULLSHIT? Wisconsin has a few established female djs: Miss Holly and

Kimberly Nyx. I give much respect to them and to the lesser known lady djs and the aspiring ones, too.

Girls, we have a lot of talent we can contribute positively to the rave scene. Whether it be musically (spinning or making music)

literally (doing "vines like this"), enterprising (promoting or vending stands), or culinary (pink bars).

Let's get involved and show we can do more than carrying the dj's recordbag!!!

the pixie

## BURNING QUESTIONS

what's the name of that muppet who throws fish around?  
what do the letters on the bottom of lucky strikes mean?  
where do seagulls sleep at night?  
does life imitate art or art imitate life?



(i am more goth than them)

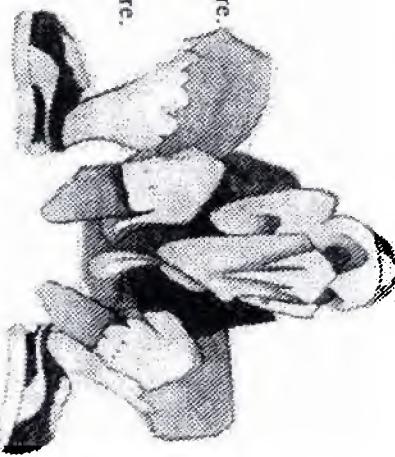
I don't want to see the headlines of anger. (bullet through her brain)  
I don't want to hear the lies of politicians. (blade across the glass)  
I don't want to touch the pain of poverty. (needle in his arm)  
I don't want to taste the bitterness of betrayal. (knife in my heart)

But

don't ask me,  
don't ask why,  
why ask why,

why ask anything.

It's just the way things are.  
The hope, the hype and  
the stereotypes.  
It's just the way things are.  
The love, the same  
the eternal shame.



Raves are about drugs. Everyone knows that. The goal is to spend your whole allowance on E Acid or meth, (depending on your allowance)

so you can get really messed up. Puking on E is especially cool; I love stepping in it at parties. FUN! FUN! Raves are about trying to reach an enlightened state of consciousness using drugs. People who don't use drugs at parties have no clue what they are missing.

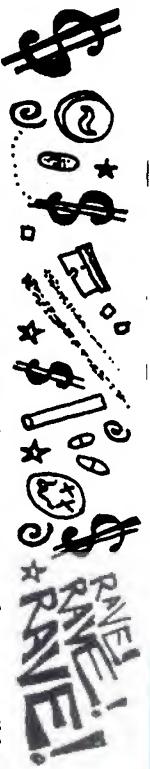
Raves are also about making money by cutting costs. Ticket sales

- cost = PROFIT. Profit is duplicating the typical environment over and over at the lowest cost. Big Name DJ's in the big room with the BIG sound system and some lights. Unknown DJ's in the small room with the crap system and few or no lights. Deviation from this could probably upset the heavily rolling or tripping ravers.

Raves are about being as loud as possible. If your ears aren't ringing after a party, it wasn't loud enough. You should feel sick to your stomach for at least 24 hours. Who cares that you will soon have permanent hearing damage, if you can feel the bass who needs to hear the music?

Raves are about lying to the ravers and the location owner. Who would be willing to allow a big drug party? Then tell the ravers that the party is in the Milwaukee Area and have them drive to Rockford.

It's just stretching the truth, not lying

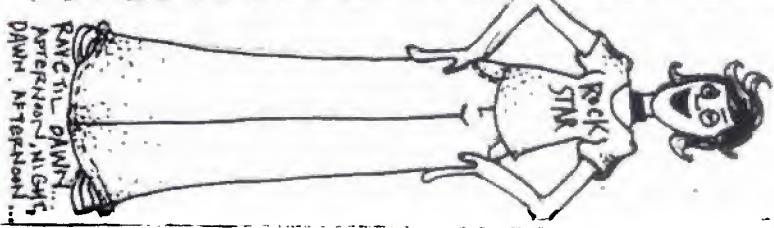


Raves are about destroying the site as much as possible. Remember trash and cigarette butts go on the floor. Same with the flyers you already have or don't want. Toss them on the ground, they are fun to dance on.

Above all of this, raves are about clothes. If you couldn't judge a raver by his pants, what would you judge by? Like, I saw this girl last Saturday and I couldn't find a single logo on her clothes. I didn't know what to think. She probably got them at Goodwill. Wearin' clothes that other people already wore, NASTY!

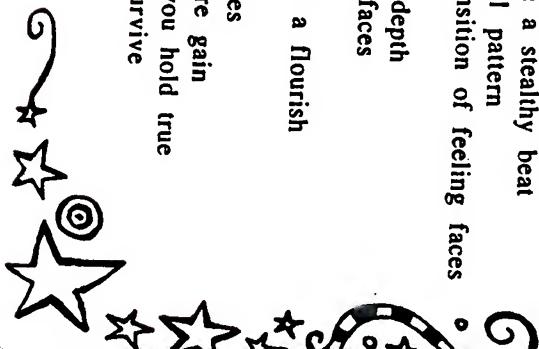
Certainly, raves do appear this way. I see raves today representing excess: drugs, volume, money, fabric, garbage, and disrespect. Do raves stand for anything positive anymore? Someone like me who passion is mixing, dancing to and someday producing electronic music, might think what is positive here in Wisconsin? Should I move to Canada or Europe where they know what's up? I'd rather devote my energy to changing attitudes and reforming ideas that affect the electronic music parties here. I can see a bright future for our community in Wisconsin, if guided in a positive direction. We have a wealth of DJ's and artists that need to coordinate their efforts and realize their full potential.

The 'scene' as it stands now will inevitably self destruct. We can create an alternative. Let's start over, from the beginning- a new dawn.



#### RITES OF ASCENSION

Where the dream ends, and controlled thought begins  
The music of the heart pours forth in a stealthy beat  
Transforming your output of emotional pattern  
Input of resistance, the key to the transition of feeling faces  
Crying your tears of monomonic fear  
You've lost yourself in the rhythmless depth  
With the limitless mass of affordable faces  
All smiling their negligent thoughts  
disproving your voice as they say with a flourish  
That yours can never be bought  
Breaching the pain of worn-down masses  
Smiling your smile for their hearts pure gain  
Your synapsis spark to the movement you hold true  
replenishing the energy you need to survive  
1996- Lewis Ritual



**So you dont like something in our zine????**

**then**



**or write your own and talk smack about us**

due to Milwaukee's newest radio station, retro radio, ZuZu kicked us all out of the 70's style green shag carpet shack, he sent us this public service announcement though. Said something about mw-ravers taking offense to a past comic which was in the cheese issue.

